

ElvenMade

by Darman Skirata

Category: Halfblood Chronicles

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-06-16 06:23:36

Updated: 2012-06-16 06:23:36

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:20:27

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,438

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Elves are careful to ensure their human slaves never have the power to oppose them; but when one Elven Lord gives a group of humans power that even rival the Halfbloods might, what happens when they have an opportunity to run. Rated T because I'm paranoid, and due to possible later chapters. OC's/All other characters All reviews/feedback on what you think should happen is welcome

ElvenMade

Prologue

"Often the deciding factor is not which mage is more powerful, but which one is smarter." â€"Father Dragon

It was colder than normal in the dimly lit passage far beneath Lord Antries' Keep. The human slave hurried along, knowing how the Elven Lords hated being kept waiting for anything. Antries' Keep was very different from other Elven Lord's manors; It had been built first and foremost around defensibility, and being impossible to undermine. One of the few benefits of its location was the rock, Though impenetrable from the surface, and extremely hard when under, it had allowed Antries to expand his house to several times larger than others thought the actual size was. And with the way Elven politics were, any advantage was a welcome one. The slave hurried through one of the many doors that dotted the long underground passages, and bowed before the Elf who was digging through artifacts and scrolls that littered one of the tables. Lord Antries turned then and said, in a cold uncaring voice, "You're late." Just two words, but how they made the slave flinch. "Sorry my Lord," He stuttered, "I have never been to this part of your labs before, I got turned around." The Elf Lord frowned for a moment but then shrugged and continued to dig through the mess of papers and strange devices. The slave held his tongue; he had seen what befell slaves that earned their master's fury. Finally Antries found the paper he was looking for, and looked up. "Do you know why I sent for you?" Antries asked the slave, and then waited

for a response. The slave, realizing that Antries was not about to turn him into a pile of dust, slowly answered. "N-no Lord." He answered. Antries smiled coldly at the human male, who was no more than fifteen, and said. "I am doing a little experiment."

Antries watched his newest Fighter with a faint trace of interest. Inside on the other hand, he was buzzing with excitement. Would this human work when all his other attempts had failed? He nodded to one of his overseers, the one that oversaw Antries rather extensive menagerie of exotic and dangerous animals. The overseer barked and order and several human slaves pulled the bolts that barred on of the many doors that led into this private arena. A blast of frozen air shot out, freezing one slave instantly. Antries shrugged at the loss of an animal hand, he could have more trained. The other slave stood there, helpless to look away from the huge white lizard that crawled out of doorway. "Ah well," Antries muttered to himself, "if this works, what is the loss of a few humans?" he watched as the creature_ lashed out, and swallowed the second animal keeper. Antries then turned his attention to the human fighter who was looking for any kind of shelter to hide from the monster. "All you have to do is survive." Lord Antries called out the fighter. The fighter looked around for some kind of weapon, and saw that Lord Antries had placed a large variety of weapons and armor against the far wall. As the fighter made a mad dash for the weapons, before the huge lizard noticed him, Antries turned to his overseer and said, "What was his name again?" The other Elf paused a moment, eyes narrowed and frowned, deep in thought. "Arthus, Lord Antries, his name is Arthus." "Good, how much time will it take for you to train him how to act like a Half-Elf?" "If he survives this, close to a year." Replied the overseer. "That long?" "At the least, my Lord."

Antries then turned his attention back to Arthus, and saw that he had managed to pull on some leather armor, and had a huge tower shield between him and the lizard. He watched with interest as the lizard swept his tail around, and sent Arthus flying. He frowned as the creature sent a freezing blast toward the dazed figure sprawled in the sand. "I guess that is the end of that." Antries said lightly, but beneath the uncaring façade, he was furious. Of all his attempts, Arthus had appeared the most promising. "Sire, Look!" cried his overseer, a note of incredulity in his voice. Antries turned around and saw Arthus standing up, untouched by a blast of cold that should have by all rights frozen him solid. A sudden wind whipped up, and seemed to gather behind Arthus. The wind suddenly leapt forward when Arthus stretched his hand in the direction of the giant lizard, and the wind scooped up lots of sand, and began swirling around the creature. The lizard let out an unearthly screech as it vanished into the swirling cloud of sand. In just a few moments, the sand cloud which had been a dull gold color was scarlet, and the iron tang of blood wafted away from the screaming whirlwind. Arthus lowered his outstretched hands, and the wind ceased. The lizard struggled weakly in the pile of sand. All of its white hide had been scoured off, and the lizards once black eyes were a cloudy-grey from the many scratches that marred their surface. Arthus grabbed a hand-and-a-half sword and strode up to the lizard. The creature still had fight in it, and tried to engulf him in its massive maw. Arthus leapt to one side and then, towering above the now exhausted creature, plunged his blade in a downward motion into the beasts chest. The Lizard let out a last piercing shriek the seemed to rend the rocks, and then shuddering, fell back into the mountain of sand that engulfed its lower half. Arthus glared at the creature, waiting for it to start

moving again when the sound of clapping caught his attention. He turned, and saw Lord Antries and one of his numerous overseers applauding him.

"Well done Arthus," Lord Antries drawled smugly, "well done indeed."

It had been fourteen seasons since Arthus had beaten that giant lizard creature, and he had never been busier. Lord Antries had done something to Arthus, He could now assume the appearance of anyone he had a drop of blood from, and he was far stronger and faster than any human. He was far faster than an Elf, but he had been left with a variety of weak spots. He was must faster than an Elf, but if he moved that fast, he burned through his energy far faster than was normal. Arthus considered all the training he had been given and he knew what Antries had in mind for him. Arthus was the perfect Assassin, all of his training on Elven house history, and the people in them was to make it so he could play any part, and reach any target. He knew thousands of tasks, from cooking to the finer parts of horse breeding. He knew how to smith good quality blades and he could argue the finer parts of Elvish custom with scribes who had studied them for their entire lives. Arthus also had received training in Elvish magic, and his own. Arthus shuddered when he thought of how Antries had given him those powers; Antries had magically melded a weak Elf with Arthus, but had made Arthus the only conscience in this new body. To make Arthus more powerful, Antries had embedded a number of Beryls into Arthus's body. Arthus had then been taught a number of what the male Elves had considered lesser magics, the same magics that many of their wives used to sculpt flowers, and cast minor glamorizes. Arthus saw an immediate us for the spell that was used to sculpt flowers, harden a piece of fine fabric, and it could cut better than many a knife; or cloud the nature of an animal or person.

Arthus wondered why his collar had been removed, but then decided that with all the beryls Antries had placed in him, Antries didn't need a visible slave collar to make sure that his newest toy would obey him. Besides, where would he go if he did run? No one knew where the Half-Elves where, except that they were somewhere far away, well outside of Elven lands; and Arthus didn't know anything about the woods or how to survive in the wilds. If he made it to one of the cities, he could survive for a time, but it wouldn't be long before he was tracked down and captured. He truly had nowhere to run to or hide.

End
file.